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The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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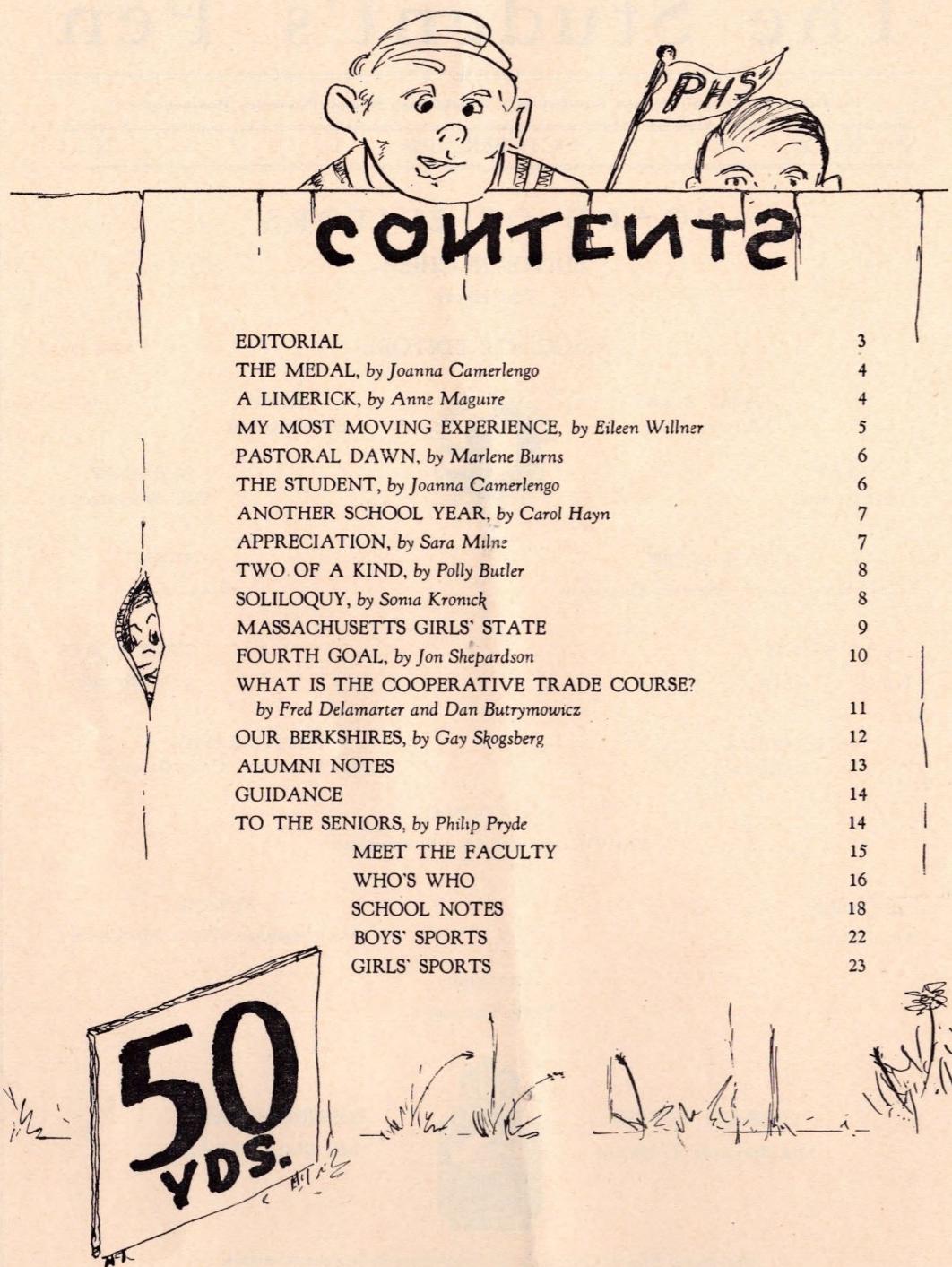
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EDITORIAL

"Who Says That P.H.S. Has No School Spirit?"

By Toni Lincks, '56

STOP. Are you one of the culprits who have refused to acknowledge that P.H.S. has school spirit? Are you one of the blindfolded souls who have had misgivings as to whether there ever was such a thing as school spirit? If so, awaken from your befuddled state. Here is definite proof that enthusiasm and loyalty prevail at Pittsfield High.

Down at Clapp Park 60 sturdy boys jump and shout and tackle imaginary foes. Though only a part of them may really see action in a P.H.S. game, each is so preparing himself that he may do his utmost if the lucky chance should come.

The scene changes. Hundreds of boys and girls are going from house to house selling booster tickets, that their team may have the equipment necessary to let it stand proudly with any other team in the state.

Again the scene changes—this time to the high school auditorium where a football rally is taking place. Agile cheerleaders, twirling and springing in absolute precision, incite 1600 young people to cheer at the top of their lungs. As the roar dies away, the captain of the team rises to speak. No matter that he is a negro; with thunderous applause they greet their hero's every word.

Can you say that here, where boys and girls give up their precious time for their school's team, where every voice is raised in its praise, where "racial segregation or prejudice" is unheard-of nonsense, there is no school spirit?

Through the brisk autumn air comes the sound of stirring music. Perhaps the school band is marching in a community parade, enlivening a school assembly, or, more than likely, enduring the freezing cold to play at some P.H.S. game. It was this selfsame band, and the music department behind it, that gave Pittsfield the honor of being host to the Western Massachusetts Music Festival last spring.

As further proof you will find many other activities carried on at our high school. Students subscribe to student activity tickets, which enable them to attend school games, to support their own magazine, "THE STUDENT'S PEN," and with selected assemblies to widen the scope of their interests. The gymnasium and hockey fields are alive with teenagers, keeping themselves whole and healthy. The pupils prepare themselves for future careers and avocations in such organizations as the "Retail Selling Club" and "Junior Achievement." In the glee clubs, the orchestra, the dance band, in clubs of every size and description, they are making good use of their spare time.

Pittsfield High School students believe school spirit entails community service, too. Vocational boys help prepare various equipment for the city's use. Boys and girls enroll in the school's driver-training courses, in order that they may become better drivers on the roads of tomorrow and keep Pittsfield's accident record down to a minimum. Each Christmastime the West Street store windows blossom forth with the talent of many Pittsfield High art students. Twice a year P.H.S. scholars contribute a part of their earnings to the "United Students' Fund," which is distributed among various charitable organizations of our community, state, and country. Surely this can be called by no other name than school spirit.

Finally we see a graduating class, stepping forth to receive their diplomas. These diplomas signify that each person has done his best scholastically and is now ready to step forth into the world and add more laurels to his Alma Mater's records by applying the knowledge he has received and by being an upright citizen in his community.

This is the spirit of our school today. And it shall grow stronger each day, year in, year out, as students realize what a privilege it is to be a part of Pittsfield High.

The Medal

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

DICK Stevenson sighed audibly and gave the clock a passing glance. How much longer could this period last? One thing was certain. Whoever said time flies had never taken math. Of course, there were a number of things which would expedite the progress of this obnoxiously slow class. He could, for instance, finish the last question on his history paper. With this aim in mind Dick surreptitiously removed the paper from his book. He carefully unfolded it, smoothed it out, and located the last question. He was concentrating on it when the sharp repetition of his name arrested his attention.

"This is the third time I've called on you," Miss Elrich was saying. "Now give me that paper and pay attention!" When protests proved useless, resistance entered Dick's mind. She was but a frail, faded, and helpless specimen of womanhood, no match for his strength and virility. But the alien and unsympathetic looks of his fellow students defeated him. His resentment burning within him, he grudgingly handed over the paper. That paper had entailed two hours of conscientious labor, and now he would get a zero for all his trouble. No teacher did that to Richard Stevenson. He would get revenge somehow. He would take something of hers and see how she felt.

An opportunity to avenge the incident came that very afternoon. Dick passed by Miss Elrich's room and saw her pocketbook standing unguarded on the desk. In but a matter of minutes he chose a suitable object. She had been entrusted with the George Washington Medal, which was to be awarded next Friday. If anything should happen to this, she would be in grave trouble. Naturally, her suspicions as to the culprit would be correct; but that was an integral part of the plan. She would end up by begging him on her knees to return it, which was just what his injured pride desired. With such evil designs, he slid the medal into his pocket.

* * * *

The minute he entered the room, Dick could see the distress in Miss Elrich's manner. But he saw, as well, the hostile looks from several students as a greeting to his entrance. He had expected the teacher to make a long, pleading speech, directed

primarily at himself, or to give a verbal indication that she was disturbed. But no such satisfaction was to be his.

As the period wended its own monotonous way, Dick's conscience began to bother him. Maybe his actions hadn't been entirely justified. Having nothing else to distract his thoughts, the guilt of his deed weighed heavily on his mind. Finally he could bear it no longer. His mind was made up. As the class filed from the room, he stopped at the teacher's desk and handed the shiny bit of metal to her.

"Before you go, Richard, there is something I wish to say to you," Miss Elrich remarked, checking Dick's progress toward the door. Slowly he turned and faced her. She pointed out the inscription, saying, "This medal is awarded annually to the boy who shows the greatest courage in truth and honesty." And it is my duty to choose the recipient."

"Why did she have to rub it in?" he asked himself. "He had tried to right things, anyway."

"As you no doubt know, this is a difficult affair and requires careful consideration," she went on. "And I don't mind telling you that I once considered you, among others." His heart tightened with the surge of feeling that accompanied the realization that he could have won the coveted medal had things been different. And with this thought a deep hatred for his impetuous action engulfed him.

"Now, however, the choice has been determined." After a long pause she concluded, "I am proud to present to you the George Washington Medal of Honor for your moral courage."

It looked wonderful to him as she pinned it on his sweater, even though his emotions prevented him from seeing more than a blurred flash of gold.

A LIMERICK

By Anne Maguire, '56

There was a young lady from Goshen,
Who, driving one day, made a motion.
She signaled a right, but stopped for a light—
And caused quite a bit of commotion.

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My Most Moving Experience

By Eileen Willner, '56

THOUGH the summer of 1954 was, for me, filled with many interesting and exciting events, the one that mattered the most occurred toward its close. My family moved from Cleveland, Ohio, to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the furthest move we had as yet taken. Anyone who has ever moved knows what a hectic job it is—with packing, saying goodby to everyone, farewell parties, (eight in two weeks), and waiting for the movers.

We were to move the day after Labor Day. Since we were terribly tired from our numerous farewell parties, we hadn't started the actual packing by the Saturday of Labor Day weekend. Imagine our surprise then, when, as we were eating our lunch on Saturday, a man walked into our apartment, unloaded several barrels onto the kitchen floor, and announced that he was there to pack all our breakables. At our hasty inquiry, he declared that he knew nothing of the reason for his unannounced arrival. "All I know is what the boss says to me," he announced, while packing a vase and wrapping a bowl. "And here's what he says, 'Jim, you go over to this place on Fairmount Boulevard and pack their breakables.' No, sir, we don't usually pack so early but could be you're moving on Monday because my boss, he says to me, 'There's a shipment going on Monday that was supposed to go on Tuesday to some place in New England.'"

My startled father immediately called up the moving company, but the man in charge had gone for the weekend and the girl who answered the phone knew nothing of the moving arrangements. We were worried. If we were to move on Monday we had better start to pack immediately, for Sunday we were planning to hold an open house to say goodby to our friends. For fifteen minutes we argued whether or not to pack. Finally a filibuster by my eight-year-old brother led us to pack.

After two hours, four aspirins, helpful suggestions from kibitzing friends, and two more unhelpful calls to the movers, we were packed, except for a few last minute necessities, such as sheets, so that in case the van didn't arrive on Monday we would have bedding, extra clothes, and our toothbrushes. Also left were cupboards almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's, two lamps, three barrels and

four enormous boxes blocking the living-room door, and a few leftover helpers. All this besides our unbreakable furniture!

That night and Sunday night we ate cold cuts out of paper plates with silverware borrowed from neighbors. All day Sunday people dropped in to say goodby. Since we were still packing, our home resembled a psychiatric ward. I remember that day as one during which I wandered about with a pastrami sandwich in one hand and a pile of sheets in the other, looking for a place to collapse.

But the worst was yet to come. Monday morning we dragged our weary bodies out of bed at six o'clock and waited for the movers. We still didn't know whether they were coming, but our friends seemed to think so, for from nine o'clock on they waited on our lawn with us. I remember that day too. From nine o'clock until ten o'clock I said teary farewells to my friends; from ten until ten-thirty I promised to write and come back to Cleveland for graduations and visits. My guests drank quarts of lemonade, supplied by our neighbors, and ate boxes of cookies, also supplied by our neighbors. Just as our talk and refreshments were giving out, the van pulled up, followed by hordes of my brother's friends who played the fascinating game of "knock down the movers" as they carried out our furniture. The movers, who were the slowest movers possible, took inventory of the furniture. In their loudest voices they announced their opinion of it: the newly cleaned couch was pronounced "filthy," the fact that the glass-top coffee table has a slight chip in one corner was enough for them to declare "table—bad shape—cracked"; the fifty-year-old Steinway was dismissed with "Scratched—keys chipped."

Piece by piece our furniture was piled outside where it was given a once-over by our neighbors. Our friends, who were still seated on the lawn, had an "I wish they'd go quickly" gleam in their eyes when, at one-thirty, the movers banged the van doors shut and with a jerk set off. With a relieved sigh, with the accidentally-taken silverware (it was old) of our ever faithful neighbors, and our friends' good wishes, we were on our way for the first lap of our on-to-Pittsfield journey.

Pastoral Dawn

By Marlene Burns, '55

THE valley, with the small farmhouses nestled close to the bosom of the earth and encircled by the low, rolling hills, is quietly asleep. The tranquil hush of slumber has settled over the valley like an invisible cloud which all too soon will roll gently by and be gone.

Barely discernible against the pitch of the sky are the hills. Their flowing silhouettes blend with the darkness and bring the coverlet of sleep closer and closer to the earth. Even the trees and low bushes are invisible in the moonless night. The scraggly branches, adorned and bedecked by myriads of dazzling, fragile leaves, reach from the sturdy tree trunks into nowhere. They are as if asleep in the night of the valley. Now and then a wispy breeze romps over the fields and touches the unseen tops of the trees, rousing them momentarily. The branches, heavy with their jewels of the autumn, sway to the rhythm of the breeze and then are still; for as quickly as it came, the piper of the night is whisked back to the depths of space. Then once again the air is still. It has not the midnight mischief of the breeze any longer. It merely waits, motionless and silent, as the moments steal by. Then the sun emerges from behind the hills.

Slowly, ever slowly, the sun moves in the eastern sky as it journeys to its ethereal throne. The jet of the night fades away as the first long rays of the dawn reach into the valley. They spread over the panoramic landscape, licking the tops of the houses and then dipping to kiss the dewy, verdant grass. The black of the darkness turns to a misty gray; and the hills, magnified by the contrasts of the new light, seem to loom up and hover over the valley. Then the gray turns to a delicate, dreamy blue, and the sun glides higher and higher to its lofty seat. Soon the crystal, piercing blue of the first minutes of morning chases away the last lingering trace of the darkness. Then the hills, lush and warm, are spread out and seen for the first time in the new morning. Only the sun sees these miracles, for the quiet stillness of slumber is still in the valley. The branches of the trees are not yet proudly swaying, but still wait motionless for the birth of life. The houses, too, are but as those in a painting, for no

THE STUDENT

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

He's late to school 'most every day,
To be on time is not his way;
And when a mid-term theme is due,
He's apt to be the last one through.
It's needless, though, for me to add:
He dashes off to lunch like mad.

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Another School Year

By Carol L. Hayn, '55

THAT dreaded season—autumn—is here again. Summer vacation is over and another year at P.H.S. has begun. Everyone under the Dome expects to accomplish something different this year. Let's see what some of these objectives might be.

The sophomores approached this awesome edifice with quite a bit of apprehension in September, but now that they've fumbled their way around and finally found where their classes are, they have recovered some of their "savoir-faire" and are showing great promise as future upper-classmen. Their main objective is to get out of the "lower-class."

The juniors, back again, have resolved to really learn something this year. They seem to be quite studious. Some of the rasher ones even study in study halls!

The seniors, hounded by the thought that perhaps their marks aren't high enough to get out of high school, let alone into college, are amazing everyone with their industrious studying. The upperclassmen's main objective, however, is to have one stupendous fling this, their last, year. The only thing that holds these fun-bent souls back is the homework, which seems to take forever to finish.

Finally we come to the faculty. What might their objective be? Why, it's really very simple. All our teachers wish to do is teach us all they can in one year. All we, as students, should want to do is learn. Well—at least we can try!

APPRECIATION

By Sara Milne, '55

I think one really does not know
That he has loved the mountains so
Until one day he takes a trip
To places where the land ne'er dips,
To country that rolls ever on,
On, and on, toward the flatness yon.
One rides by fields of corn and hay,
Of wheat, of cattle—all, I say,
Are quite all right; they keep us fed.
But oh, for mountains one longs instead!
Mountains, towering green and cool
With rushing brooks and quiet pool,
Mountains, blue in the distance ahead,
Frame the sunset's fiery red.

Two of a Kind

By Polly Butler, '55

THE shy boy cautiously appeared around the corner of the barn. In his hand he clutched a small cloth bag. He wasn't quite sure which way to turn or what to do. He saw a man dressed in a riding habit and slowly started toward him. The man watched, waiting for the boy to speak.

"I want to learn to ride and to buy a horse," he said. "See this bag? I have all the money here that I have earned for a year, saving it for a horse."

The man, who was the riding instructor, nodded and said that the boy could start taking riding lessons and, while doing so, could get to know the horses in the stable so that he would have a horse in mind when it came time to buy one for himself.

Week after week the timid boy came for his daily lessons. He was started on a very well behaved horse who would do just as commanded. The boy gained confidence, pleased that he could accomplish something by himself. No one laughed when he sat the horse in an awkward manner, and no one noticed his timidity and uncertainty. After a while, the boy showed he could manage a horse fairly well.

Then the time came for the boy to pick out the horse he wanted to buy. "Well, son, what horse have you decided upon? That large hunter who always looks so defiant, or that pretty little chestnut Morgan mare?"

"No," replied the boy. "I want the horse in that end stall."

"No, you don't," laughed the instructor. "That horse is afraid of his own shadow and doesn't trust anybody and doesn't seem to care about anything."

The boy persisted that that was the horse he wanted. The instructor finally agreed to let the boy have his way.

The following day, for the first time, the boy rode his horse. He took his horse through his gaits, and then headed him for a jump. The horse responded and cleared it beautifully. Then the boy hitched his horse to a small cart and the horse paraded around like a trotter. The instructor just couldn't understand where this horse had learned all this.

The boy and the horse were constant companions and from being together every day, gained strength and confidence to meet the world before them. The trainer mused to himself as he passed by them one day, "It just goes to show that alone each was like a sitting duck taking whatever came his way, but together they could lick the world."

SOLILOQUY

By Sonia Kronick '55

Is this an assignment which I see before me,
Its words upon the board? Vanish, let me forget
thee.

I blink my eyes, and yet I see thee still.
Thou art truly, fatal vision, horrible
To student to behold. Thou must be but
An assignment of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the work-oppressed brain.

I see thee yet, in form as credible
As that before my eyes.
Thou takest me from things I wish to do;
And such free, precious time I was to use.
Mine eyes are seeing things that are not real,
For such reality there cannot be.

Now on the board the horrible marks of chalk,
Which were not so before, remain there still,
It is a miserable assignment which stays before me.
Now o'er the one half board
Many words appear; such wicked words abuse the
student's eyes.

Students hesitate, for teacher lowers the blow. A
ten page essay,

Due too soon for my unfortunate brain,
Is our poor fate. Thus with tortured groans,
And many dirty looks, towards paper stacks
We move condemned. Thou clubs and sporting
meets,

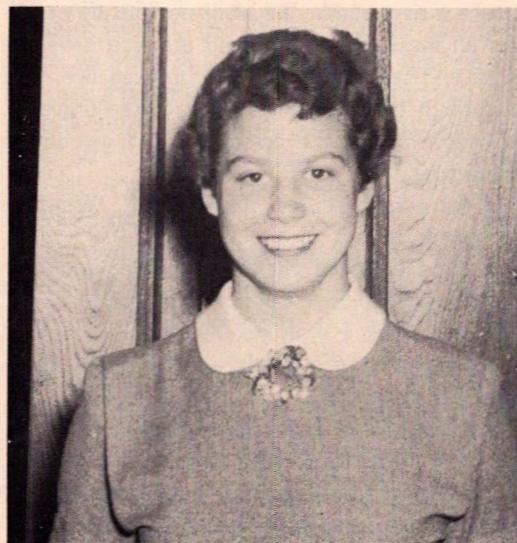
Forgive my absence, which I cannot prevent.
My temper flares high at the thought of it.
I can't begin to tell the way I feel,
I'm so disgusted. While I write, I curse:
Words from my pen come forth, begrudgingly.

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Massachusetts Girls' State

By Julian Heye '55



lectmen, tax collectors, etc. and drew up warrants and bills pertaining to our "community." The same procedure applied to county meetings.

There were also two political parties at Girls' State—the Federal and the National. Each party met, planned, drew up, and presented a platform and supported its candidates for state offices. We nominated, campaigned for, and elected girls to various offices in the state government. The enactment of laws through our Girls' State House, Senate and Governor's Council was another responsibility.

Our day began at seven-fifteen when Miss Nolan, who also directed our calisthenics each morning, awakened us in her deep voice with "Goood morning, girls!" At seven-forty-five we were at the dining hall for breakfast, usually out of breath from the last minute dash.

After breakfast we lined up around the flagpole to raise the flag and do our exercises. I'll never forget calisthenics-on-a-full-stomach! Lunch was served at twelve noon and at three-thirty we were free from lectures and meetings to go to Girls' State Activities, which included the newspaper called "The Forty-niner," glee club, athletics, dramatics, or just relaxing until six o'clock when we had dinner. (The meals, by the way, were excellent). In the evening there was usually planned entertainment of some kind; such as Talent Night, The Boston Post String Ensemble, and The Boston Choral Society. "Lights out" was at ten thirty, even though we seldom went to sleep then.

The most fascinating night at Girls' State was Inaugural Night. After the procession down the main aisle of the auditorium, Sumner G. Whittier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, gave the 1954 Girls' State governor and her officials the oath of office. Following selections by the Glee Club, we went over to the gym to enjoy square dancing.

We had a good trip home reliving the wonderful week we had been fortunate enough to enjoy at Massachusetts Girls' State.

JUNE seventeenth dawned a bright, clear day. At seven A.M., ten girls from Berkshire County left Park Square in two cars destined for Bridgewater State Teachers College to attend the tenth Massachusetts Girls' State.

Arriving at the college at 2 P.M., we unpacked our luggage and proceeded to the Administration Building, where we registered and received sweaters, party hats and data we would need during our week's stay. After we had had a chance to get settled in our dorms, meet our roommates, neighbors, and counselors, everyone went to the auditorium to learn the purpose and system of Girls' State.

Girls' State has two hundred girls representing towns and cities all over Massachusetts. Sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary, its purpose is to teach future citizens about their town, city, county and state government by having us run our own government in Girls' State, the mythical forty-ninth State.

Each girl was in either a town or city located in one of four counties. After an instruction period we would conduct meetings in the city to which we belonged. We elected mayors, councilmen, se-

Fourth Goal

By Jon Shepardson, '57

HE watched the rocket go up. The long, thin flame wavered skyward, and the space station rocket was on its third rounds.

Mart Britain then stepped out into the chill night air of the base and zipped his jacket. Mart, all six foot two of him, was the best pilot on the force. He had been on the flights to the moon, Mars, and Venus; but he was now engaged in the greatest project yet.

Everyone knew Mercury was rich in minerals from fallen meteors, and it would be a stockpile for the nation first claiming it.

The rocket fuels they had were inadequate and would not do. Dr. Pringle, however, who was Mart's good friend, had invented a new kind of rocket. Only three men knew of it and worked on it: Mart, Doc Pringle, and Will Jorden, a war buddy of Mart's who was an expert on rocketry. Doc Pringle had not wished to have Will work with them, but Mart had persuaded him it was for the best.

As his robot drove him back to his room, Mart went over the next day's routine. He would blast off at nine in the morning and should arrive on Mercury at five the next morning. As only three of them knew about the ship, there could be no slip-up.

At the top of the rooming house stairs stood a short, fat man with a rather large head. Mart could feel the man's eyes burning into the back of his head as he walked toward his room. He had just entered his room when an odd sensation came over him and he passed out amid many flashing lights.

He had no idea how long he was out but on coming back to consciousness Mart found himself looking up into the face of a dragon. He shut his eyes to let his head clear; reopening his eyes, he found it was actually a man with a reptile-like face.

"Comfortable?" The dragon had a deep soothing voice.

Mart sat upright. "Who are you, and where am I?"

"Be calm and I'll explain," the dragon said. "I am a member of an organization which is supposed to have been dead for two hundred years." He flashed a small badge at Mart. It contained a sickle

and hammer in bright red ink. "We are now ready to make a new start. We shall not fail this time. From an inside source, we find out you have the newest and best equipped rocket in existence. We shall obtain that rocket and control the universe. Our source will have it arranged so we can obtain it tomorrow."

As the dragon paused, Mart asked, "What do you want from me?"

"As you designed the controls and would be its pilot, you will have to teach our pilot to fly it."

"If you think I will, you're craz—". A hard hand stopped Mart's words, and he reeled off the bed he had been on.

From the bed he had noticed, through the window, they were in a room close to the ground. Mart headed for the window. Again the odd sensation overtook him, and he went into unconsciousness.

When he awoke Mart saw his short friend with the large head standing against the wall. The top of his head was now removed, and Mart realized it was a robot. The robot informed him the dragon had gone out on business, and Mart should think about what he said.

Mart tried several times to pass the robot but was cut off by an odd ray shield. He discovered by watching a fly trying to get past the shield that the largest object nearby would take the shield and smaller things could pass. Mart twisted a small dial on his wrist control and waited.

The dragon finished his talk with Will Jorden and started back toward the hotel, stopping for a pack of cigarettes on the way.

Mart advanced upon the robot and was warded off. At the same time the long, thin, wiry arms of Mart's robot slid through the keyhole, wrapped about the other robot's neck, and with a quick twist removed the head and sent it rolling across the floor.

Mart plotted his next move swiftly and accurately. He sent his robot into position and waited. He unscrewed a number of light bulbs and unlocked the door.

The dragon was about six feet from the door when Mart signaled. The robot, who had called for the police, concentrated a heat ray on the

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sprinkler system. The system set off the water and alarm, and at the same time Mart pulled open the door and threw the bulbs at the dragon's feet. The element of surprise caught the dragon off guard, and Mart brought him down with two quick uppercuts.

After turning the dragon over to the police, Mart was driven back to his base headquarters. His thoughts were all tied up as he thought about his talk with the dragon. The dragon had stated there was an inside contact. The Doc was right after all. They should not have taken Will Jorden in as a partner.

Mart swiftly descended the stairs to the underground "office". He paused at the door to catch his breath and the doctor's voice reached him.

What Is The Cooperative Trade Course?

By Fred Delamarter and Dan Butrymowicz

THE cooperative trade course is available only to the boys of the Vocational School. It is a system whereby the school utilizes the facilities of industrial plants to train its students for on the job training. There are, however, certain requirements demanded of those applying for this course instruction. It is offered only to those boys who have completed two years of a vocational course with a 75% average or better. The students, especially the sophomores who are just beginning one of these courses, should make particular note of this fact. If a student aims to work hard and obtain a 75% average or better in his school work, he may possibly obtain a job in his senior year of high school.

When a student enters this course, there are additional agreements to which he is held responsible. These agreements must be kept faithfully if he is to succeed in his particular trade. To most students this course could lead to a very worthwhile career.

When the course was first initiated, there were very few employers who were interested in this plan. Today the number has increased greatly, and more attention is being given to this development. Already, twelve seniors have begun working on a cooperative basis this year. The three shops, Machine, Sheet Metal, and Auto Body have seven, four and one, respectively, working out in the trade.

Many may doubt the effectiveness of this program, but the results have been proven to be very beneficial, both from the standpoint of experience

"Yes," the doctor said, "I was going to let Mart test the rocket and then turn it over to the Reds."

Mart opened the door a crack; he could see the doctor holding a gun pointed at Will Jorden.

"Now, because of your meddling," the doctor continued, "we had to get Mart and now must move faster. I am forced to kill you and then make the turnover of the rocket."

Mart darted forward and wrested the gun from the doctor's hand with a twist. Will Jorden notified the police. Mart and he went into the pit, leaving the doctor with the police. They made final adjustments, and announced to the world they were ready.

The long, thin flame wavered skyward. Mart Britian was bound for the fourth goal.

and financial income. Last year there were twenty-four boys working alternate weeks and going to school the other. The total amount earned by these seniors was \$12,008.68. This figure is especially surprising, since some of the seniors didn't begin to work until the latter part of the year.

With the most able assistance of Mr. Moran and the teachers of the Vocational School, this course has all the possibilities of being one of the most successful courses ever presented to students. In their hands lies the responsibility of contacting the employers and securing placements for boys who are deserving of such a privilege. During the first week of school this year, almost half the number that worked last year were already placed in this course.

As the city's school enrollment is ever growing, so is the Vocational School, which means that this course is just that much more important. Earning while learning through experience is a great asset to the student. On the job training is most practical, as well as being a good supplement to the basic fundamentals which are taught in school. Both are needed for success in industry.

This picture has been presented to help show you what the Vocational School and its faculty are trying to achieve when they place a boy in industry. When an employer can rely on a student, the school receives a good reputation. This outstanding reputation will make the Cooperative Course exceed its already set standards—a place where a student may "earn while he learns."

OUR BERKSHIRES

By Gay Skogsberg, '55



BERKSHIRE, the most westerly county of Massachusetts, has become world famous for the exquisite beauty of its natural scenery. Berkshire County is also known for its mines, quarries, industries, agriculture, and for the influence of many eminent men who have made their homes here.

The county is fifty miles in length, twenty-five miles in width, and contains thirty-two towns and villages. The Berkshire Hills is a region of high hills and low mountains, with Greylock, in all its majesty, reaching up into the clouds.

Sap buckets hanging on the maple trees are the first sign of spring, which comes slowly to the Berkshires. Gradually the earth awakens and the ground becomes a carpet of beauty. The trees begin to bud, and the birds chirp their first song of spring; and the farmer can be seen turning over the fertile soil on the hillsides.

Spring transforms into summer, and the Berkshires become a summer resort, almost doubling its population. The "Purple Hills" become an idyllic summer vacation paradise. Whether the tourist is seeking a rest in our surroundings or a whirl in a social and athletic world, he can find it in the Berkshires. For the culturally inclined there are music and dance programs, art exhibits, a horticulture center, and a wild life sanctuary. Hiking, fishing, golf, tennis, and polo are all popular sports for the athlete.

To usher in the fall season the heights are covered with breathtaking displays of autumn foliage. Tourists flock to the Berkshires to enjoy the vast panorama of scarlet and gold. Fall is the seventh heaven for the hiker, and the hunter is in paradise, as good bird-shooting prevails. It is very interesting to note that the first County Fair in the country was held here, and we are now one of the few remaining counties which have annual fairs.

Winter in the Berkshires is a thriving recreational season, rivaling the popularity of summer. The mountainous county and the unpredictable snow conditions have made the county nationally recognized as an excellent ski center. Those who like the invigorating outdoors at a slower pace can participate in sports like fishing, skating and snowshoeing, all within an arm's reach of the warm indoors.

Without a doubt, you have never stopped to consider seriously how fortunate we are to live in such surroundings as the Berkshires. We should all be extremely appreciative of the beauty, culture, and sports which are offered to help make our lives fuller, richer, and better.



OCTOBER, 1954

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ALUMNI NOTES



SENATOR SILVIO CONTE

MORE young people should choose careers in public office. Fresh, young ideas are what is needed today," claims State Senator Silvio O. Conte.

Senator Conte, a good looking, well-dressed young man with a very pleasant smile, is a busy man in his office on Wendell Avenue. His desk was piled high with papers, and around the room were signs of the ensuing campaign.

Senator Conte graduated Pro Merito from the vocational course of P.H.S. in 1940. After graduation he went to work at the G.E. From there he became a pressman at *The Berkshire Evening Eagle*. In 1942 he entered the Navy. It was during this period that the determination was born to "do something about the state of the world."

Upon his discharge and after many time consuming complications, Senator Conte entered Boston College. Two years later he entered Boston College Law School, obtaining his degree in 1949.

As a preparation for a political career Senator Conte advises, "Study English and foreign languages, for they come in handy when speaking to different nationalities. Most important of all is

history, for you are dealing with it all the time. Also a background of law is helpful."

Some of his activities as a Senator include being a member of the Committee of Public Welfare and of the recess committee studying juvenile delinquency. In addition to his committee work the Senator attends and participates in Senate debates. Then, too, his door is always open to his constituents who come to him with a great variety of problems to be solved. He also is the author of the law that outlawed Communists from Massachusetts.

One of the mental hazards of holding public office is the necessity of public speaking. Like most people, Senator Conte had to overcome this obstacle. Laughingly he recalls his first court case. He said, "I was so nervous I thought I was going to die," but he has overcome any fear of public speaking he ever had. "Why, I can get up and give a twenty minute speech at the drop of a hat without thinking twice about it," comments the Senator.

The little free time his job allows him spends with his wife and their four young children. His wife, the former Corinne Duval, was an accomplished swimmer at P.H.S., and later a Navy Nurse.

Senator Conte truly loves his job in the government and finds it a pleasant occupation, which he hopes more young people will engage in and experience the personal satisfaction that such a position provides.

1954 Graduates Attending College

LORETTA A. WARY—North Adams State Teachers College

DAVID CHAPMAN—Wentworth Institute

CORINNE COMPARATO—Cortland State Teachers College

MYRON SCHWAGER—Boston University

JUDY RANSFORD—University of Massachusetts

KATHY McMAHON—Smith College

JOE SPADAFORA—University of Massachusetts

DAN PETRUZELLA—University of Massachusetts

CAROLYN LUCAS—Wheelock

CLAUDETTE MOLLEUR—Our Lady of the Elms.

GUIDANCE

How To Prepare for a Test

"HERE we go again," grumbled Dave to John as they walked down the hall. "I knew that sooner or later she would get around to giving us a test. Why do we have to take tests anyway?"

Now I could say that John answered Dave's question by listing the reasons for having tests, and everyone was happy. But alas and alack, thus it is only in fiction. Neither of the boys had stopped to think why tests were given. They only knew that tests were a nuisance.

Why do we have tests? Tests are one of the methods which teachers use to measure our programs. They aren't, as many people seem to think, a trap set by scheming teachers to catch us off guard and possibly flunk us. They have already discovered some of our abilities and inabilities through our oral classwork and written papers.

Tests are even a help to us in different ways. For instance, they allow us to see exactly how we rate compared with our classmates. They distinguish our strong points from our weak points; and, although we may not be aware of the fact, they teach while they test. Furthermore, it is better if we now realize that tests do not end with our school career. Whatever profession we choose, we will be facing tests the rest of our lives. Take the baker whose products are tested daily, or a secretary whose skill and knowledge are constantly being tested. We might as well learn to face these future tests by handling our tests in the classroom correctly.

Cramming is practiced by far too many students. All crammers realize that this produces poor results, so why not do something to correct it? The time to study for a test is now! If we have not already done so it would be wise to begin now and study daily. This should also include a systematic review of approximately one hour, at least, each week. Naturally we would not study the same way for different tests. It would be helpful if we could find out from our teachers just what kind of

test is to be given. In almost any test the teacher is likely to consider vocabulary. It would be useful to prepare a list of words whose meaning we are not sure of. We should also list famous people and important dates. If we study this list continually, and not just before the test, we will have a good store of facts from which to choose.

Aside from the belief of some people of long ago, we today know that the mind and body work together. We may wonder what this has to do with tests. To be mentally alert, we must be physically alert. We cannot think well when we are not rested. Cramming and a lack of sleep often go hand in hand. The night before a test children will often study far into the night and sometimes early morning, only to arise the next day and discover that the knowledge they did possess is in a jumble. The answer to this problem is to plan our schedules so as to get plenty of sleep several nights before the exam.

One important factor in taking a test is our attitude. If we grumble and become angry, we are well on our way to defeat. Always try to make the best of any situation. Most of all, have self-confidence. Of course, this would be difficult if we did not know our material. But if we have followed the rest of the plan, this will be an asset. Remember tests help us to help ourselves!

TO THE SENIORS

By Philip Pryde, '55

You, Seniors, in some future year
Will be our leaders wise.
But right now you're upperclassmen
Whom the sophomores idolize.

We can spot you by your dignity,
Your higher intellect,
And your underhanded tricks which make
Your prof a nervous wreck.

MEET THE FACULTY



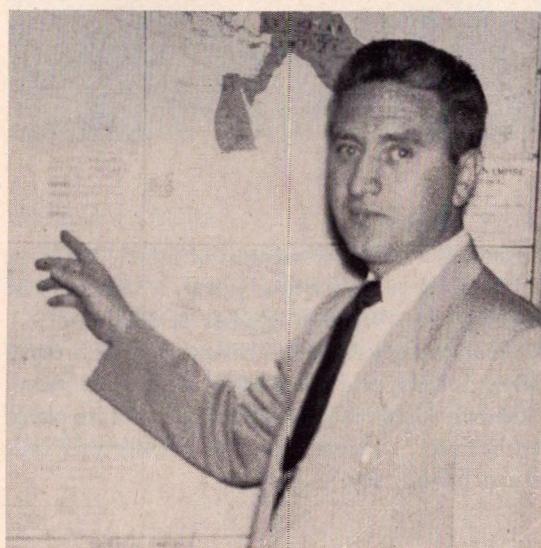
MR. FRANCIS JAEHNERT

Teaches science and physics . . . Born in New York City . . . Attended elementary schools in Pittsfield and New York, and graduated from Maryknoll Preparatory in Pennsylvania. . . . Obtained his bachelor's degree at St. Michael's and his Masters at North Adams . . . Favorite sport is swimming. He also enjoys watching professional hockey and football games . . . Interested in music, which he has taught, and dramatics. He has previously directed the faculty plays . . . Plays the saxophone and likes to sing. He has, in the past, directed varicous choirs in the city . . . He came to P.H.S. from South Junior High.



MISS MARION L. BULGER

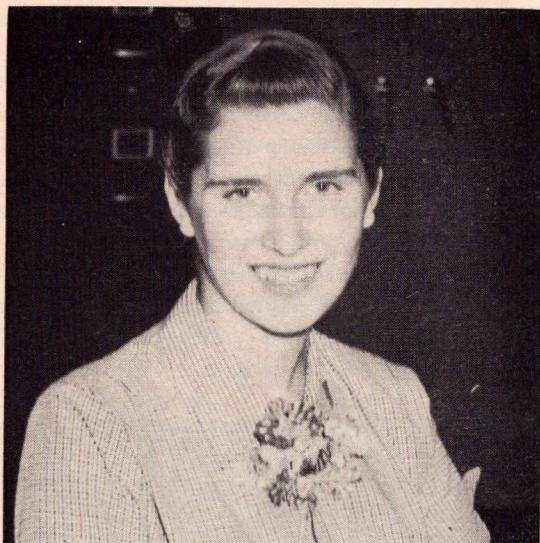
Born in Barrytown, New York . . . Graduated from St. Joseph's High School . . . College work at Westfield State Teachers' College, Hyannis State Teachers' College, Columbia University, and Fordham University . . . Has a B.S.E. degree . . . Taught at Woodmere Academy, Woodmere, Long Island for five years . . . Has taught geometry at P.H.S. for 18 years . . . Is Junior girls' counselor . . . Having two members of the family, Brigadier General J. A. Bulger and 1st Lieut. J. A. Bulger, Jr., following careers in the United States Air Force, she is intensely interested in flying.



RICHARD H. MEZEJEWSKI

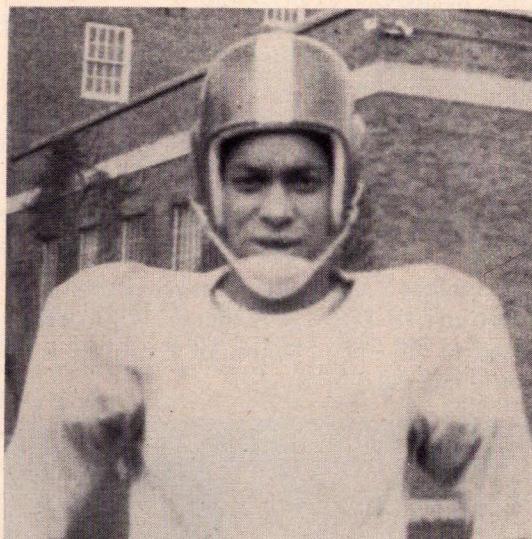
Born in Pittsfield . . . Graduated in 1936 from P.H.S., went to Providence College for his A.B., and North Adams State Teachers' College for his Masters in Education . . . Teaches social studies, history, and economics . . . Formerly taught at Central Junior High and North Junior High . . . Favorites: attending sporting events, especially those of the New York Yankees . . . Married, has a boy and a girl.

WHO'S WHO



TONI LINCKS

Editor of THE PEN . . . This year's vice-president and last year's secretary of the United Students' Fund . . . Phi-Hi-Y . . . Favorite sports: horseback riding, swimming, skiing and hiking . . . Pastimes: writing and directing neighborhood plays, art, reading and playing piano . . . Pet peeve: waking up on Monday morning . . . Future plans: Mt. Holyoke College, majoring in English . . . Ambition: to be a journalist.



HERB EVANS

Senior . . . Member of Hi-Y . . . Vice-president of Student Council . . . Plays baseball for P.H.S. . . . member of Y.M.C.A. basketball team . . . Vice-president of Junior Class . . . Likes all sports . . . Pet peeve: "That crazy mixed-up squad!" . . . Favorite food: spaghetti . . . Opinion of football team: "They're green, but green apples always get ripe!" . . . Ambition: to be a chemist.



LUCY JORDAN

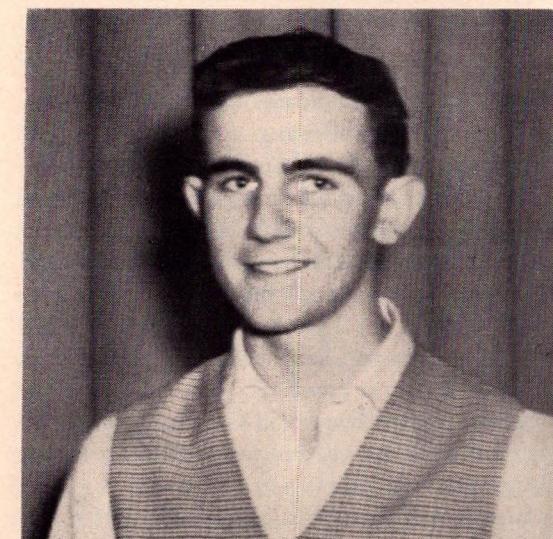
Senior . . . Concertmistress of P.H.S. orchestra . . . Studied violin for four years . . . Secretary of Phi-Hi-Y . . . Worthy Advisor of Rainbow . . . Favorites: spaghetti, steak, basketball (P.H.S. naturally), dancing, and the color blue . . . Pet peeve: "Kids who don't cheer at games" . . . Future plans: not definite . . . Comment: "The senior year isn't as easy as they say."

WHO'S WHO



SARA VARANKA

Senior . . . Editor-in-chief of the Yearbook . . . Co-chairman of the Ring Committee . . . Active in girls' sports . . . Likes reading, horseback riding, turkey, and marshmallow sundaes . . . Pet peeve: men drivers . . . Favorite expression: THAT'S RIGHT! . . . Future plans are University of Massachusetts with a major in science.



CHARLIE MACKIE

Senior . . . Head of Dance Band for 1954 . . . plays in P.H.S. band and orchestra . . . Yearbook committee . . . Junior home room representative . . . Member of music committee for Junior Prom . . . Likes pizza, football and English . . . Plans to study music after graduation . . . Favorite expression: "Still diggin' the sounds?"



SHIELA MAGRI

Senior . . . Captain of the cheerleaders . . . A member of the Booster committee . . . Active in Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Favorites: team, Red Sox . . . food, spaghetti . . . expression, "somebody goofed," . . . Future plans: hopes to be a secretary . . . Comments: "The cheerleaders are doing better than anyone expected."

SCHOOL NOTES

MUSICAL NOTES

Big things are happening in the music department this year. A new group, called the "Choralettes," has been formed. Tryouts for this group were held early in October.

For his sopranos, Mr. Wayne has chosen Susan Tucker, Carol Trumbull, Carolyn Sammet, Connie Nefores, Ingrid Amatus, Sandra Gai, Judy Wilson, Sandra Donna, Joanne Pizzuto, Janet Bolotin, Joan Thornton, Mary Mays, Marcia Allen, and Brenda Wilde.

The successful altos are Linda Place, Carol Sykes, Janet Allison, Sue Wilbur, Pat Turner, Linda Herzog, Barbara Van Bramer, Katherine Breck, Gay Skogsberg, Anne McGuire, Pat Whalen, Peggy Cottrell, Thayer Whiting, Jane Canavaugh.

The boys singing tenor are John Cederstrom, Neil Bishop, Lee Schilling, Jack Garrity, Peter Gamwell, and Warren Ball.

And lastly, the bass singers are John Curtis, Golen Davis, Harry Hamilton, Wally Everest, John Powell, Paul Neff, and Charlie Hamilton.

Already the Christmas program is being planned. At the annual assembly the orchestra will play and the complete Girls' Glee Club will sing. The halls will resound with the carols of two strolling brass ensembles.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club has elected the following officers for the year.

Jack Garrity, president; Ingrid Amatus, vice-president; Glenna Menard, recording secretary; Thomas James, corresponding secretary; Gilbert French, treasurer; Mary Smith, librarian.

Co-chairmen of Program Committee: Sally Cushing and David Kanter.

Co-chairmen of Reporting Committee: Peter Genovese and Robert Pierce.

Chairman of Sunshine Committee: Judy Herberg.

The club pictures for October are as follows: "Vanishing Prairie," "Sabrina," "Brigadoon."

The club attended "Vanishing Prairie" as a group.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS
Eleanor Farrell Jack Garrity
(Standing) John Rocca, Connie Nefores
(Herb Evans was absent when picture was taken)

SENIOR ELECTIONS

The successful candidates for the Senior Class primaries were the following:

President, Jack Navin and Jack Garrity; boys' vice-president, Herbie Evans running unopposed; girls' vice-president, Connie Nefores and Stephanie Wotjowski; secretary, Eleanor Farrell and Mary Frieri; treasurer, John Rocca and Charlie Mackie.

The lucky winners for Senior Class offices elected on October 7 are: president, Jack Garrity; vice-president, Herbie Evans and Connie Nefores; secretary, Eleanor Farrell; and treasurer, John Rocca. Congratulations, kids!.

Members of the nominating committee for Senior Class officers were Alfred Bernardo, Ruth Ann Bolin, Carol Armstrong, Stephen Cohen, John Curtis, Wallace Everest, Julianne Heye, Marjorie Loach, Mary Mayes, Fred Rohlfs, Jeanette Shroeder, Gerald Nonkin, June Williams, Susan Tucker, and Richard Chapman.

AWARD TO "THE DOME"

At the October conference of year book editors of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the 1953 "Dome" was awarded a first place rating for the fourth consecutive year.

Congratulations to the staff and to Miss Pfeiffer, their adviser, for bringing another award to P.H.S.

OCTOBER, 1954

ASSEMBLIES

Our S.A.S. Assemblies were off to an early, entertaining start this year when, on September fifteenth, Glen L. Morris brought his demonstrations of scientific data to us. In the course of his program we laughed and gasped at electricity at high pressures, power transmission without wires, and a candle lit from water. Although some effects looked like trickery, we were assured that the program contained "nothing but the truth," which made it more interesting for everyone.

On September 29 the upperclassmen went to the auditorium for a brief talk about Junior Achievement. We were told just what its purpose is and how it is run. It is helpful for any high school student, as it gives him an idea of several aspects of the business world. Applications for all those interested were available in all the homerooms.

Later the same day, after a fire drill, Captain Winnard, in observance of fire prevention week, gave the student body some advice. P.H.S. was praised for "such good housekeeping."

"BRIGADOON"

As a new feature for "THE PEN" the Motion Picture Club will present in each issue the review of a movie which they feel will be of top interest to you.

Brigadoon is the name of a Scottish Highland village which vanished two hundred years ago. The villagers decided to come to life every hundred years for one day, which would cover a period of a century.

Just by chance, on the day of their twentieth-century awakening, two Americans on a hunting expedition stumble on the town. One of them, an idealist (Gene Kelly) is ready to believe that the town has been bewitched since 1754. He falls in love with (Cyd Charisse), the belle of the eighteenth century. The other American (Van Johnson), a wise-cracking cynic, is concerned with breaking the spell of the bad dream which his friend is in. He succeeds for a while, but love conquers everything. A skillful actor (Barry Jones) explains the Brigadoon "miracle".

The picture has good coloring and captures the mood in cinemascope. The film's best sequence is an impressionistic view of a New York night club; it makes an audience share the hero's preference for the simple Brigadoon life.

Sally Cushing, '55

TECHNICAL NEWS

Soon a new sound will fill the lower halls of P.H.S. Since the tech course began, every year more and more electrical equipment has been gathered in B8 for use in the electricity classes.

However, until this year there has been no power to run the equipment. Last summer Mr. Maihl and several electricians spent many hours wiring the huge switchboard that controls the distribution of power to the various devices.

The first part of the school year will be spent in completing the job of securing the different types of meters in cast aluminum cases. Later, the boys will have a chance to do experiments on the machines, including equipment designed especially for college engineering classes.

Dick Londergan, a technical senior, was chosen as Pittsfield's representative at the national conclave of Junior Achievement, because of his fine work in that organization, at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio.

He was a member of the Home Chemical Corporation, whose product kept Pittsfield's windows clean last year.

While in Ohio, Dick participated in conferences and debates with other Achievers from all parts of the country, and also enjoyed a bit of social life.

RALLIES

If, on September 24, a deafening roar filled your ears, there was no cause to be alarmed. It was only the male members of P.H.S. joining in the cheering to make a terrific opening rally. The sophomores assembled twenty minutes before the upperclassmen to practice the cheers which were flashed on a screen over the stage. The cheerleaders brought out the school spirit in everyone. Mr. Strout, Coach Fox, and Herbie Evans gave speeches that inspired everyone to stand behind the team for the rest of the season.

The following week at the rally for the Adams game, we learned that our football team has singing talent, as well as the ability to play ball. The team had honor seats on the stage and, after being separately introduced, they sang, "Adams in the Kitchen," led by Charlie Hamilton.

Mr. Strout, Coach Hickey, and Coach Fox, with their pep talks, gave us the incentive to beat our goal of 2000 tickets for the booster game with Drury

HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

This year, each club is off to a good start with the firm resolution that it will be the best year ever. At the present time the clubs are busy inducting their new members. The clubs have decided to hold only four big dances. Also, there will be a dance every Saturday night at the Y, with music by Stan Hood. The clubs will alternate in sponsoring these.

The officers for the following year are as follows:

Alpha—Coralie Gilmore, president; Sandy Garnish, vice-president; Bev Nicholls, secretary; Rita Simmons, treasurer; and Betsy McCormick, chaplain and warden.

Beta—Libby Feldman, president; Carolyn Hyde, vice-president; Phyllis Lombardi, secretary; Ann Dos Reis, treasurer; and Judy Rice, chaplain.

Gamma—Kathy Munn, president; Elaine Molleur, vice-president; Doris Donald, secretary; Carol Armstrong, treasurer; Connie Gariety, warden; and Connie Giftos, chaplain.

Delta—Peggy Lummus, president; Tina Sino-polli, vice-president; Marcia Lipsey, secretary; Betty Ricci, treasurer; and Carolyn Russo, chaplain.

Sigma—Connie Nefores, president; Martha Lepp, vice-president; Sheila MacDonald, secretary; Carol McMahon, treasurer; and Rita Monterosso, chaplain and warden.

Zeta—Sandy Zorbo, president; "Poochie" Renzi, vice-president; Marion Sinico, secretary; Jane Tuggey, treasurer; Kathleen Yon, chaplain; and Josephine McCarthy, warden.

Phi-Hi-Y—Sara Milne, president; Peggy McCarthy, girls' vice-president; Bob Fuller, boys' vice-president; Lucy Jordan, secretary; Dick Riseberg, treasurer; Thayer Whiting, chaplain; and Ann McGuire, warden.

Hi-Y—Carl Valone, president; Charles Hamilton, vice-president; Alan Clayton, secretary; Larry Hashim, treasurer; Pete Cimini, chaplain; and Roger Canzano, warden.

Torch—Ross Weatherwax, president; Bob Pierce, vice-president; George Videll, secretary and treasurer; and Bruce Hunter, chaplain.

Hi-Y—Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet—Bob Dallmeyer, president; Peggy Lummus, vice-president; Judy Barlow, secretary; and Sue White, chaplain.

RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club at its September 22 night meeting elected the following officers: Henry Decelles, president; Thomas Saboski, vice-president; Frank Van Cleef, secretary.

The club is now busy training its new members in order that they may obtain ham operator licenses. Their goal for this year is to set up a ham station at P.H.S.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL NOTES

The Printing Department is busy with jobs that help the students at the high school enjoy the football games. These programs were printed by John Rocca, Ronald Patti, and Don MacWhinnie. The rest are very busy printing up supplies for the schools in Pittsfield.

The Machine Shop at present has just completed painting and repairing all of their machines and are now raring to go.

The Welding Department has completed goal posts for Coach Carmody. These were done by Joseph Pravier and James Passmore. They also completed some stock racks for the city elementary schools. The boys that did this job were Dinno Ravizza, John Martino, Daniel Tucker, Harry McGinnis and Earl Tonini.

The seniors in the Drafting Department have been very busy with special jobs. Don DeFino, a very able draftsman, did a drawing for a cabinet in the elementary schools, cello rack for the music department, a three section cabinet for Plunkett, and also worked with Fred Delamarter, making photostatic copies of certificates and invoices for the school department, the teachers, and Dr. Russell. Danny Hamilton, one of Mr. Harvey's exceptional students, has been kept busy doing a drawing of backstops for North and South Jr. High Schools to be used for baseball next spring. Also Dan has just completed a drawing for a combination blackboard and mirror to be used by the Berkshire Crippled Children's School. The juniors have been hard at work drawing and making patterns in the field of Sheet Metal Development, another step in earning their Vocational School certificates. The sophomore class of this year is presently learning the fundamentals and essentials of the Drafting Course.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL NOTES

Continued from Page 17

Auto Body has had the job of repairing a police cruiser that was damaged. The job was completed by John Carrow, John Baroli and Alfred Renardo, and the cruiser is now again on the road—a cheerful thought to speeders.

In Auto Mechanics things are really happening with state inspections just around the corner. Mr. Hickey's car has had a new differential, thanks to Morris Besancy and John Lacey. The brakes of Mr. Shea's car have just been relined. Mr. Driscoll had a connecting rod bearing replaced in his car. This job was done by Louis Pannizza, a veteran of the Korean War, and James Stimpson. Miss Sullivan, the school nurse, had a tailpipe replaced on her car by John Powers, also a veteran of the Korean War.

James Stimpson is now overhauling the motor in his father's Plymouth. Also the boys are working on all city cars and trucks, preparing them for state inspection. Along with this they are lubricating them and preparing them for the winter months ahead.

The Sheet Metal Department has replaced over one hundred locks for the high school and has repaired an untold number of them. If you should experience any trouble with your lock, you know where to bring it. Pete Bianco, Joe Simonetta, Ray Ferrain and Ron Chiorgno made a welding booth for South Jr. High.

In Cabinet Making Bill Wood and Bill St. Peter made a top and bottom wall cabinet for Room 201 at P.H.S. Al Litano made a wall cabinet for Plunkett, while Joe Puia and Bill Thornton made a record cabinet for Mercer school. Also going to Mercer School (for the children) were some store counters made by Mike Surowiec and Harvey Renning. The cello stand made for Mr. Wayne was done by Bob Pensiv and Mike Surowiec. Leighton Hern and Bob Pensiv constructed two book cases for Dr. Russell.

So as the year begins the Vocational School is off with a bang. As the year progresses the cooperation between the different shops and teachers will again make this year one of the best the school has yet to see.

BOOK REVIEW

"ANNAPURNA"

by Maurice Herzog

"Annapurna" is a exciting story of the first successful expedition to climb a mountain of over 8,000 meters (23,000 feet).

When a group of French mountain climbers, led by Maurice Herzog, realized that the summit of Dhaulagiri was practically inaccessible, they turned their attention to another Himalayan giant, Annapurna. Called the Goddess of the Harvests, this mountain had been attempted 22 times—each unsuccessful. Now, this well-trained group of mountaineers wondered whether they might reach the summit of their life's work and dreams.

There were a great many obstacles in the way—the coming monsoons; lack of sufficient maps and charts; and, of course, the mountain itself, icy, snow-covered, steep, and treacherous.

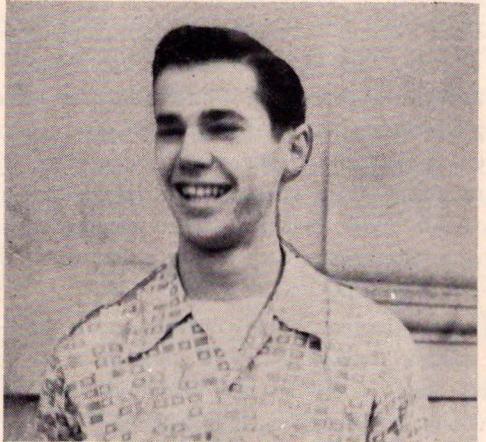
But these men had come a long way, and they were not to be deprived of the great victory. With great difficulty they established five camps on the mountainside. When the monsoon was only days away, on the third of July, 1952, Herzog and Lachenal, both exhausted, but with their spirits still high, attempted the final assault. Although their minds were sluggish and their senses dull, the two men heroically pushed toward the top, then they could go no higher. They were in a different world of sky; there was nothing below but ice and snow. Triumph and a feeling of self-fulfillment pervaded their spirits.

After the two men rejoined their companions and brought them the good news, they all started quickly back. Herzog had lost his gloves and the bitter cold began to take its toll in the form of frostbite. Blinded by the snow, and lost, the expedition experienced almost complete tragedy from an avalanche.

In this story the reader feels himself a part of this adventure. He feels the warm companionship of the nine men who worked together as a terrific team. Their individual sacrifices for the success of the trip make the whole expedition an example of sportsmanship in the highest form. The reader knows he has witnessed something very great and magnificent as he finishes this book.

Paula Waxstein, '55

BOYS' SPORTS



LEO GILSON

ALUMNI IN SPORTS

Leo Gilson, a very popular athlete at Pittsfield High, will long be remembered for his contribution to the school. Leo was president of his class as a junior and senior, president of the Senior Class Council, a member of the Student Council in his junior and senior year, and chairman of photography for THE STUDENT'S PEN and the Year Book. He played end on the football team for three years. He was co-captain of the team and made the All-Berkshire Football Team in his last year. Leo won the Thomas Curtin Award, the Rotary Club Award, and a scholarship to Deerfield Academy. He was voted the most popular and friendliest boy of his graduating class of 1951.

At Deerfield Academy, Leo played football and baseball. He also was a member of the Glee Club. Then he won a scholarship to Williams College, where he is now a sophomore. For the future, he hopes to study law at Harvard. Good luck to a great guy.

* * *

A severe blow to the team was the loss of Herb Evans because of a knee injury. His replacement is Al Litano.

* * * *

The results of a poll taken among the students of P.H.S. show that Pittsfield High is picked to beat St. Joseph's High by the score of 14-7.

FROM THE SIDELINES

When Herbie Evans was asked which he liked to play the best, football or baseball, he replied, "There's more money in baseball—You can take it from there."

* * * * *

Ask any senior, and he or she will tell you that there has never been so much school spirit displayed throughout P.H.S. in all of their years here. Whether the team wins or loses, let's stay behind them.

* * * * *

Speaking of spirit, there has never been a group of girls with more school spirit than the young misses who lead us in cheering. Let's give the cheerleaders our complete support.

* * * * *

Remember in the Pittsfield High vs Westfield High football game when Captain Burek of Westfield fell on the ball in the end zone? The big question is, How did the pigskin get there? A football can't bounce fourteen yards after falling from a player's hand. Who kicked it across?

* * * * *

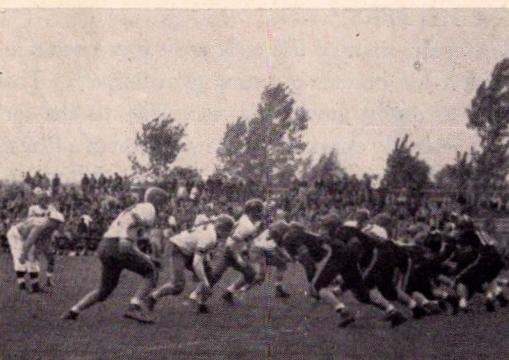
Congratulations to John Rocca for not giving up at his fine chase after Gordon Blood in the Westfield game.

* * * * *

Bob Steiner's opinion of Bill Puza, the 262-pound tackle for Westfield High: "He's the best tackle in Western Massachusetts!" It's no wonder.

* * * * *

If you went to the Adams High vs Pittsfield High football game, you would know what "water-football" is like. There seemed to be enough water on the playing field to fill the YMCA swimming pool. To add to this, there were many wet handkerchiefs when Herbie Evans had to be carried off the field, but cheer up, we have 10 to 1 odds that old Jake will be in the St. Joseph's High game.



P. H. S. STARTS AGAINST WESTFIELD

GIRLS' SPORTS

Editors—Susan Strong, Patricia Stanley, Elizabeth Gomes, Beverly Furey

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

With the opening of the new school year comes the beginning of the girls' sports program, which, incidentally, is really going to be terrific this year.

There are plans being made at this time to organize a girls' golf team and to form a snappy, new drill team. These are just two of the activities that are being proposed for the coming months.

Right now, however, the girls are engaging in the strenuous sport of field hockey. This sport, which in years past has been enjoyed mainly by the boys, is rapidly becoming the object of immense enthusiasm on the part of the girls. It seems that the crisp, tangy fall weather provides too much of a temptation for the girls who, formerly, were interested principally in the indoor sports.

Each year, at this time, the juniors begin practice for the badminton tournament, which is held in the spring of the year. Last year, 56 teams, composed of two girls each, turned out for this increasingly popular sport. There are girls in both beginning and advanced groups who aspire to play in this tournament and as the result of some diligent practice, there are always some surprising upsets in the play-offs. The winning team will win letters and the runner-up team will receive a set of numerals.

Volleyball is first introduced during the year to the girls by way of the weekly gym classes; and following these sessions, if the girls show a special interest in this sport, they may participate in after-school sessions, which are highly valuable for the purpose of building good teamwork. Last year, because of the large turn-out for this activity, three teams were organized instead of the regular two teams. Now there are Varsity, Junior Varsity, and VB teams permitting more girls to participate in the game.

SOPHOMORE FIELD HOCKEY—Because this is the first year that the sophomore girls have had a chance



to participate in this sport, it will be interesting to note how rapidly they can show their adeptness in this game. They have gotten off to a late start as a result of several cancelled practices, so that means that they will have to work doubly hard to become acquainted with the game. We hope that they enjoy this activity and that they will take an active and interested part in all the sports that are offered to them.

JUNIOR FIELD HOCKEY—Now that the Juniors are "old hands" at the game, we expect to see some high class play coming from their team. Those who are trying out for the junior team this year are Doris Felton, Marty Gomes, Barbara Hitchcock, Marilyn Chapman, Fran DeFazio, Pauline Lisi, and Pat Stanley.

SENIOR FIELD HOCKEY—Once again the "old pros" are at work trying to capture the championship. Trying out for the senior team are Daryl Messer, Stephanie Wojtkowski, Sandra Zorbo, Lil Calnan, Carolyn Cassidy, Kathy Goerlach, Eva Todd, Sara Varanka, Beverly Furey, Pat Frank, and Bea Evans. We would conclude that it is going to give some very stiff competition to the other squads, but time alone will settle that matter.

Of course, the major indoor sport of the winter season is **BASKETBALL**, and since the girls are not to be outdone by the boys, some pretty fine talents are usually developed. Although we don't have interscholastic competition, there is a round robin tournament offered to all the girls. Instead of choosing a squad from each grade, some girls from each grade are allowed to play on the same team. This gives each round robin team an equal chance at winning and it also gives the inexperienced girls a chance to gain some pointers from the girls who have played many times before.

BOWLING is another activity that is now offered at the Pastime Alleys after school for the girls who are interested in brushing up on their strikes and spares. At the end of the school year Mrs. Bianchi, the operator of the alleys, presents trophies to the individuals who have scored the highest averages and also to the winning teams.

During the spring, when the Big Leaguers are warming up for their respective seasons, we find the "Michaela Garcias" and the "Wilma Mayes" also warming up at Pittsfield High, and they always manage to come through with some pretty interesting games.

GYM HELPERS

Last year, some of the girls were given some instruction for becoming senior gym helpers. This job is extremely interesting, especially to the girl who is seriously considering the vocation of a Physical Education teacher. They include the following: Rita Monterosso, Marjorie Loach, Katherine Goerlach, Martha Lepp, Sandra Zorbo, Daryl Messer, Juliann Heye, and Lucia Cultrera.

THE ATHLETIC AWARDS ASSEMBLY

At the end of the school year a special assembly is held in the auditorium for those who have participated in various sports during the past year and have, by so doing, won athletic awards. The thrill of receiving an award is great and the feeling of pride in demonstrating one's skill in certain athletic activities is, indeed, a pleasant one. The highest award that is given in the girls' Physical Education Department is the beautiful Ruth Nicholson Blazer Award that is given to the senior who has displayed the best attitude and has maintained the best record in the athletic program as well as in the rest of her school curricula. It is a tremendous honor to receive this blazer and it inspires every girl to try as hard as she can to establish a good record in everything in which she takes an active part.

From the general gym picture that is offered this year, is it any wonder then, that we have great expectations?

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

In answer to the question, "How does it feel to be back in school?" the replies were varied and enlightening. They went something like this:

KEN CASSIDY—"I'll tell you after I get the first report card."

CAROLYN SAMMET—"All good things must come to an end."

BOB QUADROZZI—"No comment!"

TED BARLOW—"It will do for one more year."

PEGGY LUMMUS—"I 'dig' being back in that crazy institution of education."

BOB FULLER—"Work! Work! Work!"

LIL CALNAN—"Whoopsie doodle! I'm off my noodle."

DICK BRUNO—"I'm a no gonna say!"

INGRID AMATUS—"Brings college closer, I hope."

MARTY COX—"It could be worse!"

CHRIS GILSON—"Fine! All my teachers are great!"

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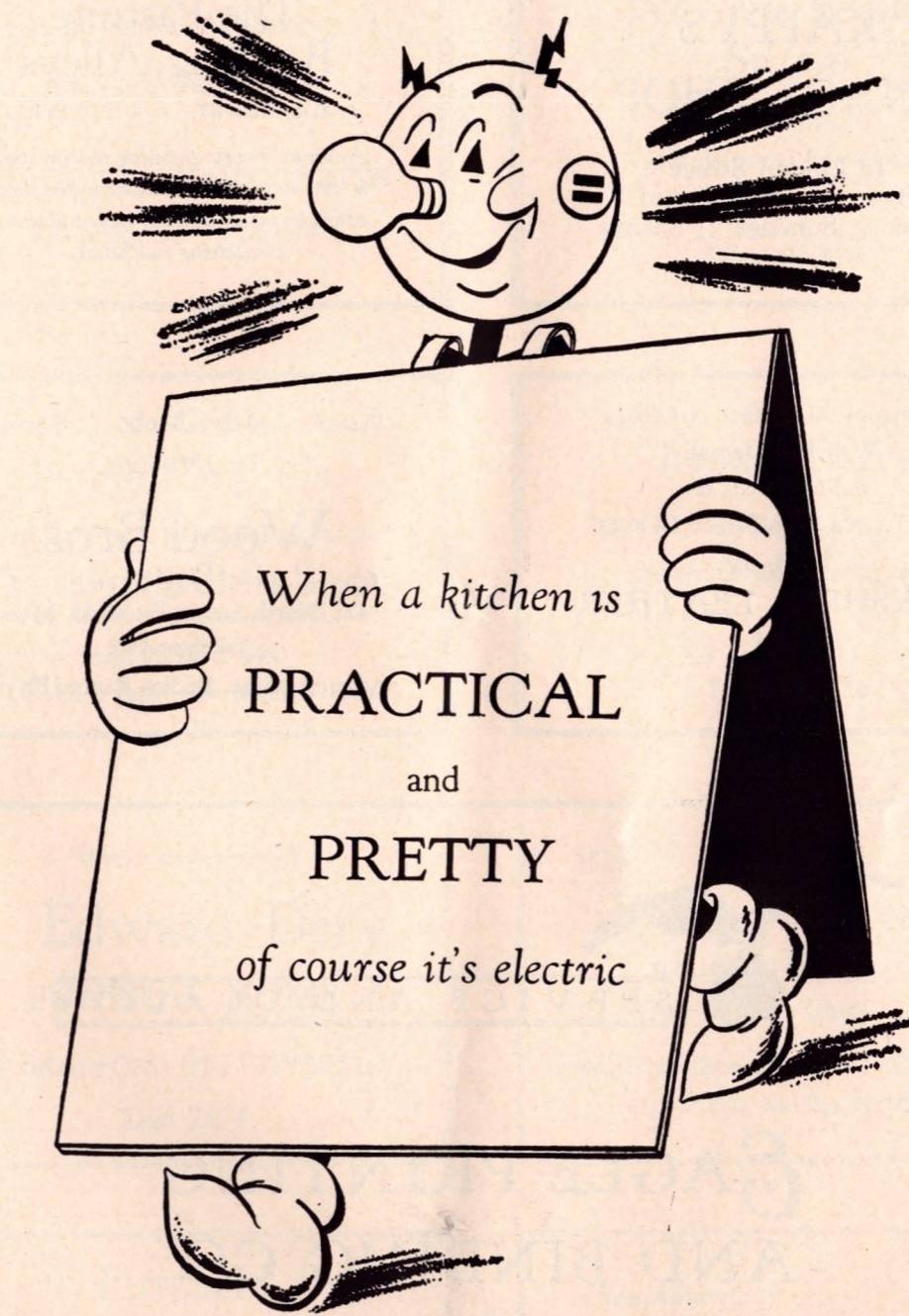
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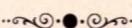
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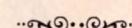


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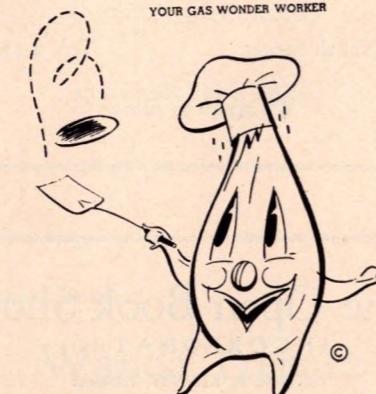
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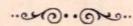
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